

short cut entirely familiar to me, we may reach them in a few minutes. If you would like to visit them in the way of benevolence, we can go after supper."

"Let us go now," said the gentleman. "But allow me to explain."

"Long ago, in a country home in Scotland, my grandmother taught my sister and myself to repeat that grace. The old grandmother died, the sister married when very young, and went I knew not where."

"It is years now since I lost sight of her, but always in my own American home in the west that grace is said, and I have the feeling that if my sister is living it is said in her home also. May not this be a clew?"

"It may, indeed," said the missionary; and making their excuses, the two men hurried away.

The evening's entertainment was not over when Mr. Bromley returned and described what he had seen to the interested group that gathered around him.

"It was one of the most remarkable instances of God's guiding hand I have ever known," said he. "The brother and sister recognized each other immediately. It seems that the poor woman has been through all phases of poverty, from a decent home to destitution in a garret. For a time she forgot God, and ceased to say her grandmother's grace. 'It seemed mockery,' she said, 'when we had so little to eat.' But the words, 'whate'er we do, whate'er endure,' brought it back to her heart, and she resolved: 'If God can bless what I endure, I will keep on saying the prayer.'"

"This purpose she followed, and in it found reason for increased faith in the Divine faithfulness and love."

The clue that leads one back to lost friends and fortune is not always an act of piety or an "unconscious virtue;" but we are sure that a soul, however desolate, that never forgets its duty to its conscience and its God lives nearest to the Guiding Hand.—*Youth's Companion*.

LOVE TO THE LIVING AND DEAD

If only men would give to the living some of that which they bestow so lavishly upon them when they are dead, what a different world this would be, says one of our writers. Even a little of that which is sculptured on the cold marble would, if breathed from the warm lip, have made many a one happy for life.

One of the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is that they can send their love by a bird to their dead ones. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to sing. They then load it with kisses and caresses, and set it at liberty over the grave of the maiden

who has died, believing that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost; and it is not uncommon for twenty or thirty birds to be loosed over the same grave.

Many and many a husband and wife, many a brother and sister, would give all they have in the world if they could send to their dead ones an expression of love, which might have been so easily made in life. And how many sons and daughters would now send messages unsaying many things which should not have been said, and saying many which were, alas, left unsaid. Let the song birds of soft looks, of soft words fly now. Now we know that they can reach, and we shall have this great advantage—the song birds will fly back to us again.—*J. R. Miller*.

There is a story of a Scotch mother whose child was stolen away by an eagle. Almost crazed, she saw the bird soar away to its eyrie far up the cliff. No one could scale the crag. The mother went to her room and prayed. An old sailor climbed the cliff, and crept down with the child. As the mother was still praying, with outstretched hands and shut eyes, he softly laid the babe in her arms and vanished. Rising in silence, she did not even kiss her little one till she had carried it to the kirk and solemnly given it to God.

Should not every life given back again, every joy plucked from death and restored, as well as every new blessing granted, be given to God in solemn dedication before it is put to any other use?—*Forward*.

We are never out of the reach of temptation. Both at home and abroad we are liable to meet with allurements to evil; the morning opens with perils, the shades of evening find us still in jeopardy. They are well kept whom God keeps, but woe unto those who go forth into the world, or even dare to walk their own house unarmed. Those who think themselves secure are more exposed to danger than any others. The armor-bearer of sin is self-confidence. Be not sure. We need a watchman for the night as well as a guardian for the day. O, for the constraining love of Jesus to keep us active and useful.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.

People are always expecting to get peace in heaven; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready made. Whatever of making peace they can be blest for, must be on the earth here.—*John Ruskin*.

Work to-day, for you know not how much you will be hindered to-morrow.

Church News.

LATHROP, CALIF.

Our regular quarterly business meeting was held on May 22, and among other things done was the election of two deacons, which was done by ballot. The result was that our most worthy brethren, Ed. Reynolds and J. Milo Wolfe, were declared elected.

Ordination services were held in the evening. At this meeting the new State Mission Board (that was elected at last State conference) met and organized by electing elder J. P. Wolfe, president, Lathrop, Calif.; H. E. Wolfe, secretary, Lathrop, and B. G. Frederick, treasurer, Ripon. Only \$17.25 on hand and some pledges. Our cash will be consumed in sending Brother Shively down to Rosena from whence came a Macedonia call.

Now to the brotherhood in California, you who have the mission cause at heart and desire that others should have the gospel preached, we kindly ask you to contribute your mite to the mission fund quarterly and the board will see that it is used systematically and for mission purposes. No doubt the "pledge system" will be used, and any person desiring one can send to the secretary, H. E. Wolfe, Lathrop, and all money should be sent to the treasurer, B. G. Frederick, Ripon.

Yours in hope of the gospel,

B. G. FREDERICK.

LANARK, ILL.

Our communion was held June 2, and although the weather was somewhat unfavorable during the day and evening, we had a large attendance; at least 120 communicants were present and partook of the feast. We had a ten days meeting preceding the lovefeast. Brother J. L. Gillin, of Hudson, Ia., was with us and preached the gospel in a very plain and forcible manner to the people. The meetings began May 24 and closed June 2 with a communion, and an all day union meeting with the Milledgeville brethren and sisters. J. O. Talley preached in the morning at 10:30, and J. L. Gillin at 2:30 P. M. The whole meeting was helpful to saint and sinner, bringing the child of God closer to the great Master and the sinner into a more thoughtful realization of his dangerous condition.

During the meetings four confessed Jesus, three were immersed before the lovefeast, the other one was immersed on last Lord's day. Four have, therefore, been added to the church, and the members generally helped in the Christian life.

Brother Gillin was accompanied by his wife, which he took unto himself May 18.